THE ESCRITOIR;

Or, Masonic and Miscellaneous Album.

INDOCTI DISCANT, ET AMENT MEMINISSE PERITI.—LET THE UNSKILFUL LEARN, AND LET THE LEARNED IMPROVE THEIR RECOLLECTION.

VOL. I. ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1827. No. 50.

MASONRY.

——Semita certe,
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.—*Juv. Sat.*

The brethren of Alfred Lodge, No. 61, assembled at Dresden, Tennessee, on the 24th of June, it being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, the year of Christ 1826, Anno Lucis 5826, and after procession from their Lodge-room to the court house, the following Address was delivered by Brother JOSEPH URY, W. Master, and afterwards a Sermon by the Rev. Mr. Young.

Brethren—I appear before you on this occasion with much diffidence, and this diffidence is greatly increased when I reflect that I appear an advocate for an institution which has ever had to encounter inveterate and hostile prejudices.

We have assembled this day for commemorating the birth of our holy patron, St. John the Baptist, for Masonic tradition informs us, that he patronized and encouraged the institution of Masonry. But as his character is most conspicuous as a Christian, I will leave any remarks in relation to his doctrines and example to one whose holy office more especially qualifies him for the discharge of that duty. It will be my province to say something of the design, origin, and progress of the science of Masonry in the world. But, brethren, in attempting to trace freemasonry to its origin, we necessarily meet with that difficulty which must ever attend the want of written history. The origin of Masonry, as the origin of most nations which have been celebrated either by the historian or poet, is covered by a thick veil, lost in conjecture, or rests on the fabulous legends of a dark and barbarous age. It cannot therefore be surprising that an institution whose forms and ceremonies have never been committed to writing, but rest alone upon tradition, should be involved in obscurity. Many men of different nations, of much general information and Masonic knowledge, have devoted much time and labor in attempting to trace the origin of Masonry, yet they have all heretofore failed. But notwithstanding they failed in determining the main point, yet their researches have eventuated in the developement of much useful and important information. Some of the fraternity in their zeal for the institution of Masonry, have attempted to date its origin with the first existence of man, but all either of written or traditional history rests, and must ever rest in doubt and uncertainty. We believe that some of the important truths of Masonry were known to some of the ancient patriarchs and lawgivers, yet no regular lodges were formed until the erection of King Solomon's Temple, since which time we have continued to exist as a society or band of brothers.

If antiquity can be urged in favor of any institution, the Masonic Society stands without a rival.—All other fabrics, however towering and fair, have sooner or later been swept away by the all-devouring hand of time. The republics of Athens, of Sparta, and of Rome, where are they now? The weeping voice of history proclaims their fall. All other institutions of equal antiquity, whether mechanical, scientific or religious, have long since ceased to exist, or only exist as relicts of former grandeur. Not so with the Masonic society. Notwithstanding it has ever had to encounter the persecutions of the ignorant, the inveterate and hostile prejudices of the superstitious, and the dread and jealousy of power, it still remains a monument of wisdom, strength and beauty, daily increasing in magnificence and utility; and not alone on account of its antiquity—but if it can be deemed an argument in favor of an institution, that on the catalogue of its members are found the names of eminent and virtuous men, the Masonic society has no superior. In the remote ages, or in the earlier ages of our institution, we may rehearse the names of Solomon, Hiram of Tyre, Hiram Abiff, Adoniram, Zerubabel and Joshua, together with a long list of ancient sages, patriarchs and lawgivers; and to descend to later times upon the old continent, we can mention the names of an Alfred, an Edwin, a Frederick, a Locke and a Newton, with many others who shine conspicuously in the annals of their country's fame; and in our country, to say nothing of living worthies and thousands in the humble walks of life, we will only mention the names of a Washington, a Warren, a Franklin, and a Samuel Adams, men who shine with lustre in the bright firmament of Masonry, and reflect honor on the Masonic name. Masonry is a mystic science, where, under types and figures, solemn and important truths are inculcated. It has a tendency to improve the understanding, to mend the heart, and to bind its professors more closely in the bands of union and friendship. It inculcates the great and important doctrines of moral obligation, and renders its votaries, in conformity with its precepts, truly desirous of inculcating, as far as their influence can extend, the sum of general happiness. Every Mason, as his foundation and chief-corner stone, is to believe in the existence of one Supreme and Eternal God, and pay that worship which is due to him as the great Architect and Governor of the Universe.

Ours, brethren, is an institution which regards all the human race as members of one common family, all travelling on the level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns. In our society we do not discover the stars of nobility glittering amongst us, yet we rank men among our members distinguished for high literary attainments, for heroic virtues, and for every quality which can give dignity to the human character.

In the character of Masons the mighty Monarch, who wields the sceptre of empire, and the poorest subject that tills the globe, meet upon the level and part upon the square. We admit of no other distinctions than those which arise from virtue and worth, for Masonry regards no man for worldly wealth or honor; it is therefore the internal and not the external qualifications of a man which recommend him as a Mason, and in our society no contention should ever exist except that noble contention, or rather emulation, of who best can work or best agree. We speak a language known to every nation, and in our society nations of all climates and citizens of every government assemble to reciprocate the sentiments and emotions, and to mingle in the enjoyments which the occasion may afford, whilst the adventitious distinctions of country and of language, of fortune and of power, are lost in the character of citizens of the world and brothers of the same family. Other institutions for the most part limit their good offices and their deeds of charity to particular countries, to particular districts, or to particular sects. Not so with the consistent Mason—the aspirations of his generous soul are not limited by the barriers of nature, politics, or religion; but in every land and nation virtuous and meritorious poverty receives the liberal hand of charity as far as necessity may require without regard to the distinctions of color, country, language, religion or politics.—But it is often asked, where are the benefits resulting from Masonry, and where an example of its charity? To which I will answer that Masonry seeks not the herald of her own good deeds, but delights in administering relief to suffering humanity unobserved by a deceitful and gainsaying world.—Go to yonder widow, bereaved by the unrelenting king of terrors of the tender partner of her bosom, her only solace and comfort in life—ask her who revives her drooping spirits, who cheers her fainting heart and renders life even tolerable? The answer will be, it is the genius of Masonry. View yonder tender orphans, left naked and unprotected upon the world—who nourishes, vindicates and protects them? It is the genius of Masonry? Ask yonder mendicants, craving of flinty-hearted wealth the bread of charity in vain, who supplies their wants and cheers their desponding spirits? The answer will again be, it is the genius of Masonry. View the sailor or the soldier, whom duty hath wafted to a land far distant from his home and his friends, some fatal and all-destroying fever has perhaps overtaken him, the cold dews of death glisten upon his forehead, the film of corruption is slowly covering his eyes, and his heart sickens and pains at the thoughts of his distant home and his friends—whose bosom pillows his dying head? whose hand administers those kind and endearing attentions which make the heart throb with the last glow of mortal feeling? It is a brother's, opposite perhaps in language, in religion, and in politics. The Mason hears only the moans of affliction; sees only the dying man. This, brethren, is not a picture drawn by fancy, but by the sober pencil of truth. The true objects of charity are virtue and merit in distress, persons who are unable to extricate themselves from misfortunes which have overtaken them in old age, industrious men who from inevitable accidents, or acts of providence are plunged into ruin, widows left survivors of their husbands by whose labour they subsisted, and orphans in tender years left naked and unprotected upon the world. What are the claims of such upon the hand of charity, when we compare them with the host of miscreants who daily infest the doors of wealth. Masonry, whilst her rules require a patient hearing of the tale of sorrow, applies a guard against the impositions of affected grief: whilst she anticipates with anxious solicitude the griefs of meritorious poverty, she refuses to administer to the passions of man—not meanly fastidious, nor unkindly slow or dilatory—not seeking an excuse to withhold the required boon, she nevertheless by her established plan of charity prevents the treasury of the virtuous from being lavished upon the idle and vicious, for charity, when misapplied, loses her titles, and instead of being adorned with the dress of virtue she assumes the features and insignificance of folly. All the human passions, when directed by the principles of reason, promote some useful purpose, but compassion towards proper objects is the most beneficial of all the affections, and executes the most lasting degrees of happiness.

The inquiry is frequently made, if the secrets of Masonry are replete with such advantages, why are they not divulged for the general good of mankind? Why invest them with the impenetrable veil of mystery and concealment? To which we answer, that we consider it indispensably necessary. It is our defence against that sure destruction which has awaited all other establishments of man, and the most important pledge for the continuance of our usefulness. So great a stress is laid on the virtue of secrecy among Masons, that its importance is enforced in the strongest manner. Nor in their opinion is any man accounted wise, who is devoid of intellectual strength and ability to conceal such secrets as are committed to him as faithfully as he would his own most serious affairs. Both sacred and profane history teach us that numerous important and virtuous attempts have failed of their intended end, through the defect of concealment. The ancient philosophers and wise men were so fully persuaded of the great virtue of secrecy, that it was the first lesson they taught their pupils and followers—the method adopted by the craft for communicating instruction to their deciples, was in use before the in-

vention of letters—indeed all the learning of the ancient world was conveyed in symbols and entrenched in mystery; and this is not only the most ancient, but is also the most impressive vehicle of knowledge, which by applying sensible objects to a figurative use affords amusement as well as instruction, and renders even the playfulness of imagination instrumental to moral improvement. By inquiry into the earlier ages of science, we discover that all speculative knowledge was confined to a few, and by them carefully concealed from vulgar curiosity, under the veil of mystery, into which none were initiated until not only their intellectual capacities but also the firmness of their characters had been put to a severe test. During the dark ages of the world, when a thick cloud of ignorance and superstition overshadowed the whole earth, then it was that masonry was the only institution upon earth which had for its object the alleviation of human misery. The consistent mason, one who acts in discharge of the great and important duties of his profession, is encircled with a splendor more refulgent than the halo that surrounds the brow of the warrior, for whilst the warrior is often only great as he is terrible, and only conspicuous from the stains of human blood that mark his footsteps, the mason is conspicuous for his philanthropy and for the amelioration of human suffering. But it is often sarcastically asked, why are females excluded from the Lodge? We answer, that females were peculiarly designed for the domestic duties of life, and our institution, although speculative, has nevertheless adopted many of the rules and forms of operative masonry, which are inconsistent with the female character—and when a woman engages in those arduous duties which devolve upon the other sex and are their peculiar province, she forsakes her proper sphere of action. And again, the female character is by nature endowed with much of the better part of masonry, for what is but too often by the mason performed, only under a strict sense of duty, is in the female character, the spontaneous act of a generous and charitable disposition—and although by the strict rules of our order, females are prevented from a participation in the secrets of masonry, yet they are objects of peculiar care, and hold a high claim upon the respect and affection of all good masons—for that brother who prizes not their worth, who withholds from them their just tribute of respect and affection, violates his obligations and forfeits the name of a mason. Then why are females so generally opposed to our institution, and that too in the face of such sanction as we receive from the names of a Locke, a Newton, a Washington, and a Franklin? Men alike distinguished for high literary attainments, for heroic virtues, and for christian piety.

[Remainder next week.]

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Rome Chapter, No. 102, Rome, Oneida Co.

At the annual meeting of Rome Chapter, No. 102, held at La Fayette Hall, in the village of Rome, on the 20th day of December, 5826—the following officers were elected:—

M. E. Benj. P. Johnson, High Priest; E. Silas Cornish, King; E. Horatio N. Carr, Scribe: Comp. E. Hammond, Jr. Captain of the Host; Henry Wager, Jr. Principal Sojourner; Walter Colburn, Royal Arch Captain; John M. Searls, A. A. Spinning, Jesse Hildreth, Masters of Vails; Charles Brown, Treasurer; Joseph B. Read, Secretary; Rev. Comps. David Morris, Henry Walstead, James J. Watch, Chaplains; Comps. O. Butler, L. Briggs, Stewards; E Smith, Sentinel.

Orion Lodge, No. 286, Ellisburgh, Jefferson Co.

Elected December 13, 5826:—Samuel Porter, W. M.; Isaac Mandall, S. W.; Peter Robinson, J. W.; Horace M'Kee, Treasurer; Alfred Ely, Secretary; William Brewster, S. D.; Dean Pearce, J. D.

Mannsville Lodge, Mannsville, Jefferson Co.

Elected December, 14, 5826;—Theodore Dickinson, W. M.; Major Heath, S. W.; Daniel Wardwell, J. W.; Henry King, Treasurer; Hubbard B. Mann, Secretary; Hiram Gray, S. D.; Joseph B. Fowler, J. D.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ARCTIC LAND EXPEDITION.

[From the Edinburgh Journal.]

We sometime since laid before our readers a brief sketch of the progress made by the travellers on this important expedition. The friends of science will be glad to know the following particulars of their movements, extracted from the journal of a friend attached to the expedition. It is dated, as was our former account, from Fort Franklin, February 6:—"After leaving New York, Albany, and Lewiston, we proceeded to Fort George, situated on Lake Ontario, at the influx of the river, and crossing the lake we landed at York, the Capital of Upper Canada. After a stay of 24 hours at this place, we proceeded in carts by miserable roads, and through a thinly settled country, to Lake Senicoe, which we crossed, and descending the Nattawassaga River to Lake Huron, we arrived in a few days at Penetanguishene, a naval depot, situated at one of the bays of that lake. At Penetanguishene we were joined by 24 Canadian voyagers from Montreal, and on the 23d of April the whole party embarked in two large canoes, which together with some stores had been forwarded from Lower Canada the preceding season. In these canoes we coasted Lake Huron and Superior, and arrived at Fort William on the 10th of May, having suffered a few days' detention, partly from ice, but principally from high winds. Fort William, previous to their union with the Hudson's Bay Company, was the principal depot of the North West Fur Traders. Here we exchanged our large canoes for four smaller ones, adapted to river navigation, and separating into two parties, Captain Franklin and I pushed on ahead in a partially laden canoe, while Messrs. Back, Lendall and Drummond followed with the stores in three remaining canoes. We arrived on the 15th of June at Cumberland house, which, you may remember, was our wintering quarters the first year on our former journey through the country, and it was also the residence, during the winter of our seamen, who, with three boats and some stores under their charge, left England in June 1824 in the Hudson's Bay ship. They resumed their voyage this season, on the 2d June, and we overtook them on the 29th of the same month in sufficient time to assist them in reaching and crossing the height of land which separates the waters flowing towards the Hudson's Bay from those which fall into the Arctic Sea. Owing to the unusual dryness of the season, we experienced much difficulty in launching the boats through the small streams leading to and from this portage, which is named the Methy Carrying place, and particularly through the small Methy River, which is nearly 30 miles long, and which, this season nowhere offered water sufficient to float the boats, except in the pools, between which long and almost dry fords intervened. We had in consequence, to carry the cargoes nearly the whole way, either partially, or entirely through swamps, from which the musquitoes assailed us in myriads at every step. The carrying place itself is twelve miles long, over a high ridge of sand hills, and here the boats were partly carried on men's shoulders, and partly launched the whole distance. After this tedious and laborious operation, during which a considerable number of the men were disabled by swellings of the legs, we descended the Athabasca river, and reached Fort Chepewyan on the Lake of the Hills, on the 15th of July. By referring to Makenzie's Voyages, you will perceive that it was from this post that that enterprising traveller set out on the 3d of June, 1789, on that memorable voyage to the Arctic Sea, in which he discovered and navigated the river that bears his name, and opened to the fur trade a large tract of productive country. It was necessary for Capt. Franklin to remain at Fort Chepewyan until the arrival of Mr. Back, that he might discharge such of the Canadian voyagers as were to return to Canada this season, and also to make other arrangements; but that the boats (which were now four in number, an additional one having been borrowed from the Company, and heavily laden with upwards of two tons of pemmican, besides other stores,) might be no cause of delay after the arrival of the canoes, I went on with them on the 21st. The canoes under Messrs. Back Kendall (Drummond having been left at Cumberland house, to botanise on the Saskatchewan;) arrived at Chepewyan on the 23d, and on the 25th Capt. Franklin, having sent back to Canada a canoe with the voyagers, whose services were no longer needed, set out after me with the three remaining canoes. The boats reached Slave Lake on the 25th of July, only two days later than we arrived at the same place in canoes on the second year of our former journey; a difference of speed attributable solely to our acquaintance with the route and mode of travelling, and the previous arrangements so carefully made by Capt. Franklin. After passing two days under the hospitable roof of Mr. M'Vicar, who was so kind to us after our former suffering, I set out again, and coasting the southern shore of Great Slave Lake, entered the Makenzie.

The current of this stately river swept us rapidly along, and on the 3d of August we arrived at Fort Simpson, situated at the influx of the River of the Mountains, and at 7 in the morning of the 6th we landed at Fort Norman, about 200 miles farther down the river. These two posts are distant from each other 13 days of winter travelling. At fort Norman I left a portion of the stores, a boat and select crew for Capt. Franklin; and going on with the remainder, we ascended the current of the Bear Lake River, which joins the Mackenzie about 30 miles below Fort Norman. Bear Lake River has a rapid current, the voyage down it being performed in eight or nine hours, while its ascent occupies three or four days. It is 70 miles long. We arrived at Fort Franklin, then in progress of erection, on the 16th August. Mr. Dease, a chief trader of the Hudson Bay Company, who had come down with a party of men in the month of June to make preparations for us, did not expect to see us before the 5th of September. Capt. Franklin and his party reached Fort Norman the day after I left it, and sending Mr. Back up with the canoes and stores, he and Mr. Kendall proceeded down the river in a boat, with a crew of seven men, including the Esquimaux interpreter. On the third day they passed Fort Good Hope, in lat. 67, 58, the last of the Company's posts, and in three days more reached the sea. The river flowed into it through many channels, separated by low deltas, which are mostly covered by spring floods. Whale Island of Mackenzie, the limit of his voyage, is one of the outermost of these deltas, but it is surrounded by the fresh water of the river, and it was not until the boat had approached Garry's Island, 80 miles to seaward, that the clear salt water was perceived, by a well defined line, to be separated from the muddy water of the river. Capt. Franklin landed on Garry's Island, exactly six months from the date of his sailing from England, and it will excite the sympathy of his friends to learn, that he then displayed for the first time, a silk flag, which was sewed by his wife in her last illness, and delivered with a presentiment—alas! too true—that they were never again to meet in this world.—Garry's Island lies in lat. 69, 29, and in lon. 135, 41 W. From its summit they saw many white and black whales, seals, &c. After remaining a day here, for the purpose of making astronomical observations, and enjoying the contemplation of a sea clear of ice they set out on their return, and arrived at this post on the 6th of September. We had, during their absence, bestowed upon it the name it now bears.—They saw several esquimaux encampments recently deserted, but were not so fortunate as to find any of the people of that nation. Presents, however, of iron-work, were left in their huts, and we have had the satisfaction of learning, in the course of this winter, through the medium of the Sharp Eves, a tribe of Indians who inhabit Fort Good Hope—that these presents were found by the people for whom they were intended, and have prepossessed them strongly in our favor. The Expedition travelled, from the date of its leaving New-York, the 26th March, until its reunion at Fort Franklin, on the 6th September—and including a survey which I made of the north side of Bear Lake, in Captain Franklin's absence,—5,160 miles, of which 596 were through the U. States and settled part of Upper Canada. It will resume its labours as soon as the rivers are clear of ice, which will not be before June. At present the whole party are in good health and high spirits, and are sanguine in their expectations of success."

No letters from this post, later than the date of this, can reach England sooner than October, 1827.

ON THE STRENGTH OF BONE.

By B. Bevan, Esq.

In the list published by various authors on the cohesive strength of materials, the strength of bone has been much underrated. In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* it is quoted from Muschenbrock's experiments to be 5,250 lbs. per square inch; and I have observed this number copied into various other books. But from experiments I have made with considerable care, I find the strength much exceeds that now stated, if the bone is sound and solid.—There will always be some variation in the results of experiments of this nature, depending upon the quality of the substance, and also the mode of conducting the experiment. I have tried the bone of horses, oxen and sheep, and find the strength of the cohesion per square inch to vary from 33,000 pounds to 42,500 One specimen of fresh mutton bone supported a load in proportion to 40,000 lbs. to the square inch for a considerable time, without any visible injury to the bone—*or nearly eight times the strength given by* Muschenbrock. The modulos of elasticity of beef bone I have found 2,320,000 pounds, and specific gravity of 2,08. A substance like bone, so universally abounding, possessing such great strength and considerable flexibility, ought to be restored to its place in the scale of bodies, applicable to so many purposes in the arts.

Emmerson has given the ratio of the strength of bone to ash 22 to 8 1-2. Now, by direct force applied to ash, its cohesion appears to be 16,000 lbs. to the square inch, making bone upon the ratio above stated to be more than 41,000 pounds, the correctness of which has been confirmed by my experiments.

I have been trying the cohesive force of various species of wood, and find them generally to exceed the strength given by Mr. Barlow, in his treatise on the strength of the timber.

My apparatus is partly like that used by Mr. Barlow on the direct cohesion; but the model of applying the load, instead of adding large weights, is that of gradually advancing a given weight along the arm of a level, allowing the weight to rest occasionally for several minutes, and sometimes for three or four hours. By this machine I found that a good clear-grained specimen of English oak supported a load in proportion to 19,800 pounds to the square inch, for several hours, having left it at seven in the evening, with that load suspended, without any visible alteration at ten o'clock; but at six o'clock the following morning a cylindrical pin had been drawn from the large end of the specimen without separating the fibres. We may, therefore, safely allow 20,000 pounds for the strength of this oak.

In a similar manner a pin was drawn out of a specimen of Spanish mahogany, with a load in proportion to 22,000 pounds per square inch. It will be observed that my results considerably exceed those of Mr. Barlow; the dimensions of my specimens were larger than those of Mr. Barlow, and conducted with great care, and with much greater weight as to produce fracture. Mr. Barlow's mode of taking the dimensions of his specimens I consider liable to objections, for the silk thread used to measure the circumference of the cylinders would give the diameter too large by the diameter of the thread; and this quantity would be of considerable moment in affecting the area of the cylinders.

[*Lon. Phil. Mag. for Sept.*

WEST-POINT ACADEMY.

The National Journal has published the report of the committee of the board of visitors at West-Point in June last. It furnishes an interesting view of the course of studies at that valuable institution; and of the manner in which the means afforded to it by the liberality of congress were applied. It makes many suggestions of improvement which are all worthy of attention. The abolition of the department of English grammar, rhetoric, the constitutional law and political economy is suggested, on account of its being so imperfectly filled, and these branches being so superficially taught. There are eighteen suggestions of improvement with which the report concludes. The first relates to a chapel, which is required; 2dly, a *gymnasium;* 3dly, an addition to the library, for which an appropriation of $2000 for this year and $1000 for future years is proposed; 4thly, an increased chemical apparatus, for which an appropriation of $800 this year and $150 a year for future years, is suggested; 5thly, an appropriation of $1000 is suggested for a mineralogical cabinet; 6thly, the repair of the philosophical apparatus is suggested; 7thly, $400 is suggested to increase the mathematical department; 8thly, $500 is recommended to be given for the purchase of casts and engravings; 9thly, for the purchase of models in civil and military engineering, an appropriation of $1200 is suggested; 10thly, the establishment of a department of chemistry and mineralogy is recommended; 11thly, a native French teacher is recommended instead of the Cadet now employed; the 12th suggestion relates to the exclusion of Cadets from employment teachers, and the substitution of Lieutenants; the 13th suggestion refers to the addition of 14 Lieutenants for that purpose; the 14th recommends the employment of an assistant librarian at $25 a month; the 15th recommends that no Cadet shall be admitted under 15 nor over 18 years of age; the 16th recommends that no Cadet shall be received who does not understand English grammar and geography; the 17th proposes that Cadets who receive commissions shall remain one year after their promotion at the academy, to be employed in teachihg civil and military engineering; and the last suggestion is, that the superintendent shall be made directly responsible to the Secretary of War, and, if necessary, be made a part of the general staff of the army.

The report concludes with warm and gratifying testimony to the general excellence of this national institution, and a well merited panegyric on the superintending officer, to whose vigilance and capacity it is so greatly indebted for the high reputation which it now enjoys. [*West Point Sentinel.*

To render boots and shoes waterproof. Take Gum Elastic, commonly called *Indian Rubber*, cut into fine shreds, and put about one ounce of it into half a pint of Seneca Oil, or petroleum. Let the mixture stand about a week, at the end of which time the gum will be dissolved, and a thick elastic varnish formed, which may be applied to the Boots or Shoes with a brush, and will be absorbed by the leather; the varnish to be applied once a day till the leather is saturated, when the shoes will be perfectly water proof, and rendered soft and easy to the feet. If in the preparation of leather, this varnish was used instead of common tanner's oil, the object would be more perfectly attained. Seneca oil is produced in our country in grea abundance, and costs little, if any more than tanner's oil, and the gum elastic very cheap.

Beer from potatoes. The German papers announce a discovery of Professor Volken, of Elfurth, of a method of making beer from Potatoes, beyond all comparison superior to that made of Barley. This new liquor, says the account, keeps very well, and is made without hops, at least without the bitter taste they give. It is made at all seasons of the year, and sells for a better price than the old kind. One great advantage of this discovery is, that the substance of dried potatoes can be preserved many years without damage. The author has obtained a patent for his invention, which has been put into operation in many districts with the happiest success.

Poisonous wounds. The successful application of the cupping-glass to poisonous wounds, by Dr. Barry, of Paris, has already been noticed. By further experiment it appears, that an animal that has suffered the most fatal effect of the absorption into the blood of poisonous matters, may, nevertheless, be restored to life by this treatment; as if the action of the cupping-glass had the power of recalling to the exterior the poison already introduced into the vessels. Doctor Barry strongly recommends the use of the cupping glass, followed by that of the cauteri, in cases of the bite of a mad dog; even if the first symptoms of hydrophobia should have shown themselves.

VARIETY.

Where shall I dine? There is good reason to suppose that this pleasant little farce originated in a joke of Theodore Hook's, who calling in one day unexpectedly upon Mathews, said in his usual friendly way, "I am come to dine with you Charles." "I am sorry you cannot," said the facetious mimic, "for I am going out to dine." "Then I go with you," retorted Hook. "That you cannot," said Mathews, "for the meeting is one of business, and, therefore, I am unable to introduce you." "Good morning, Charles," said Theodore, "I am determined to dine with somebody to-day, and therefore, I shall invite myself to the first table where I see a cloth laid." In passing down Frith street, the tempting preparations for a dinner party struck his eye.—After glancing for a moment at the delicately white cloth, and the sparkling plate which decorated the board, Hook knocked at the door, and was instantly ushered into the room by the servant, supposing him to be one of the guests, at the very moment, as it would happen, when the assembled friends were about to sit down to dinner.—"Who can this be?" seemed the expression upon the anxious face of the host and hostess. Theodore bowed—the lady returned the compliment—he drew his chair near the table—the host seemed to pause: Hook hesitated, bowed to him: it was not returned: "I beg pardon (said the merry wag) but I really fear I have unintentionally committed a very serious breach of good manners. Is not this Greek-street?" "It is not," was the reply. "Nor this house the residence of my friend Charles Fairly?" "No." "Then I feel bound to make every apology for this intrusion; my name is Hook, and I am——" "The most welcome guest I could have seen," said the cheerful host, thinking the whole a mistake; "and as you have committed a very great error, the only apology I will except, is, your staying to dine with us;"—a request with which the dramatist most readily complied; and it will be unnecessary to add, to those who have enjoyed his pleasant society, that by his wit, whim, and good humour, he became a welcome guest at the same table forever after.

The royal family of Russia. The number of assassinations in the Royal Family of Russia, exceeds any thing in history. Ivan IV. killed one of his sons, and died in a cloister. Feodor I. did not reign till he immolated Demetrius; the Monk Otrepien strangled Feoder II. Wasse sacrificed him in his turn. Peter the Great deposed his brother Ivan—condemned his son Alexis to death, repudiated his wife, massacred eight thousand of the Strelitzers. The Empress Elizabeth tore the young Ivan (the legitimate prince) from his cradle, shut him up in a fortress, and caused herself to be proclaimed Empress. Her successor, Peter III. was murdered by his wife, Catherine, whose successor, Paul, was murdered with the privity of his son, the Emperor Alexander, who recently lost his life, nobody knows how. [*Count Segur.*

Magnus and Socin, two celebrated lawyers of Pisa in Italy, were frequently opposed to each other on points of law. Upon one occasion, when the famous Lorenzo de Medicis was present, Magnus, finding himself very hard pressed by his adversary, conceived the idea of forging at the moment a law to serve his own peculiar case. Socin saw through the trick, and being no less cunning than his adversary, when it came to his turn to reply, he invented another law which completely undid the effects of Magnus' quotation. The latter immediately interrupted him, and called upon him to cite the place where the law he spoke of was to be found. "It is to be found," replied Socin, in the very next page to that you have just cited."

Soliman Bey. Soliman Bey, whose military talents have proved so disastrous to the unfortunate Greeks, is, in fact, a *ci-devant* of the horse chasseurs of Napoleon's imperial guard, of the name of Seve, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war; and who, on the death of Marshal Ney, quitted France, turned renegado; and, going over to Egypt offered his services to the Pacha, by whom they were accepted.

POPULAR TALES.

EUSTACE ST. VALERIE.

The young Countess Ottilie de Wardenburg, on entering a small town on the confines of Prussia, which formed a part of her princely inheritance, was struck with astonishment at the air of unusual solemnity which it presented; the shops were all shut, the streets were thronged but silent, and, although it was neither market nor holiday, troops of peasants were seen flocking in from all directions. The fair traveller looked out from her barouche in wonder at the strange appearance of a place generally so orderly and so cheerful. Dismal preparations met her eye; the bell of a neighboring church began to toll heavily, as for the knell of a departing soul; and the postilions, who had dashed along the street in good style, were compelled to draw up their horses on one side to make room for a criminal to pass to execution. Surrounded by a troop of soldiers, bare headed, a rope encircling his neck, and attired in coarse garments, the culprit walked erect in the midst of his guards.—Majestic, and elegantly formed, his port was dignified and graceful; he was young, too, and bore features of surprising beauty; and though suppressing even the slight quiver which convulsed his lip as the tall dark gallows met his eye, the deadly paleness of his countenance evinced his internal agony at the ignominious death that awaited him.

Ottilie, though anxious to avoid the sight of human suffering, was compelled to be a reluctant witness of the sad procession. Pity melted her breast as she gazed upon the unfortunate being about to be cut off by the hand of violence. His fine countenance and gallant demeanor strongly interested her feelings. She fastened her eyes upon him; and, suddenly overcome by the thought of his near approaching doom, she turned sick at heart, and fainted. Colonel Schreiber, the commandant of the garrison, was instantly at her side. His officers were dispatched for water, and the whole course of proceedings was suspended until the beautiful Countess recovered her senses. Glancing wildly around, she exclaimed, in an agitated voice, "is it over—is he dead?" "You have seen the prisoner before, and are interested in his fate?" demanded Schreiber inquisitively.—"Oh, no! never!" cried Ottilie; it is sufficient that he is a fellow creature and in distress." "How amiable!" exclaimed the Colonel, fixing his dark eyes on the fair creature whom he held in his arms, and who would have disengaged herself from his grasp, but the same sickening sensations came over her, and she remained powerless.

"For what heinous crime," inquired the Countess, after a moment's pause, "must my native town be subjected to this unwonted spectacle?"—"The Frenchman," cried Schreiber, "is more unfortunate than guilty; he has been arrested as a spy, but has denied the charge, and I have some reason to believe that he spoke the truth; but my predecessor left him here for execution, and I only obey orders." "Then," said Ottilie, "you have the enviable power of saving his life."—"Not so," replied the Colonel, "but of delaying the sentence, perhaps." "And," cried the enthusiastic pleader eagerly, "you will do this? You know my uncle, the Prince of ——, is powerful in the council; I will make him acquainted with all the particulars of this young man's situation, and we shall be the blessed instruments of snatching a human being from a dreadful fate."—"I shall risk the displeasure of my superior," said Schreiber; "but I can scarcely refuse so lovely a suppliant, if she will promise that my compliance shall entitle me to receive a boon in return."—Ottilie shrunk from the glance that accompanied these words, and replied coldly, "there needs little stimulus to a brave man for the performance of an act of humanity; the prisoner may be left with safety to your mercy."—"Pardon me, fair lady," returned the Colonel, "his life is in your hands; he has made a powerful enemy in General Kleist; we want an example, and, innocent or guilty, he must die, unless some very strong intercession shall be made for him. I care not to waste the small influence which I possess upon a stranger. Women are said to be more tender-hearted; but it does not appear that you are inclined to abate an iota of your sex's privileges for his sake."

The Countess inexpressibly disgusted, turned away her eyes and encountered those of the criminal, who stood so resolute, yet so forlorn at the foot of the scaffold, and again every faculty of her soul was absorbed in pity. He seemed to be aware that to her he was indebted for the, perchance temporary, delay which had interposed between him and impending death; and he looked as though all his hopes and expectations were centered in her alone. Could she hesitate a moment? Could she abandon the cause of a fellow creature, who without her assistance must inevitably perish? She had been made unexpectedly the arbitress of his fate; and, however painful and revolting the alternative, she could not consign him to the grave.—"Save the life of that unfortunate man," she cried, addressing Schreiber, "and demand my everlasting gratitude." The Colonel sprang from the carriage, remounted his horse, and having given the necessary orders, the melancholy cavalcade returned to the prison; the barouche moved forward, and in a few minutes Ottilie found herself alone upon her knees in her chamber.

The fair Prussian trembled at the amazing revolution which had taken place in her prospects and her feelings, in the brief period which had elapsed since her entrance into ——. Distinguished for her patriotism, and her hatred of the insults offered by Napoleon to her suffering country, every impulse of her young and ardent mind had been devoted to the emancipation of Europe from the yoke of France. High born, beautiful, and possessed of immense estates, she had been the star of the imperial court of Austria, the worshipped idol of princes and nobles; yet for the sake of an obscure individual, a foreigner belonging to a hated nation, she had sold herself to a man of low family, a coarse brutal soldier, who owed to his military rank the only title to her acquaintance, and who, in daring to seek her favour, became the object of her unqualified disgust. It was true that she might still retract her plighted word; but it could only be by sacrificing the life of a man whom she had so lately snatched from destruction. The pale face and imploring eyes of the prisoner were forever present to her mind; and, despite of the horror which she entertained of Colonel Schreiber's addresses, she felt a strong sweet feeling of delight, at the idea of rescuing the interesting stranger from an unmerited death. She purchased his safety at a high price, for the Colonel obliged her to sign a promise of marriage before he permitted the memorial of Eustace St. Valerie to be despatched to head-quarters.

Filial affection had led the young Frenchman to the couch of his dying mother, at a period in which it was dangerous for one of his nation to appear in Prussia. He was a soldier, too, and wore the cross of the legion of honor; but his life would scarcely have been placed in jeopardy had he not incurred the hatred of General Kleist, who, remembering that in Paris a dishonorable transaction at a card-table had been detected, exposed, and checked by Eustace St. Valerie, indulged a malignant revenge in proceeding against him with the utmost rigour of military law. Fortunately, General Kleist was called away at a moment's notice, and was disappointed in his expectation of returning to his command to witness the execution. The duty was delegated to Schreiber, who felt at liberty to exercise his own discretion; and perceiving how deeply the Countess de Wardenburgh had interested herself in behalf of the prisoner, he resolved to make her compassion subservient to his own ambitious views.

Ottilie in the evening lighted up her palace; and, anxious to avoid a private interview with her new lover, she invited the garrison to a splendid collation. Surrounded by a crowd, all anxious to pay their homage to the high-born beauty, her heart was the whole evening in the gloomy dungeon where the respited criminal pined in dreary suspense. A plea of indisposition secured the Countess from Schreiber's visits during the few days which elapsed before she received an answer from her uncle.—The Prince of ——, concluding that the Frenchman's cause must be a just one, since the fair heroine of Prussia engaged in it, exerted himself with so much zeal that, in a very short time, he despatched the pardon and safe conduct which she had requested. Ottilie, in the first moment of rapture at the success of her benevolent efforts, forgot the horrid condition annexed to her triumph; and, unaware of the danger which might attend a second meeting, with one who had already gained a stronger power over her affections than any of the multitude of titled suitors who had professed themselves her slaves, did not refuse the audience which St. Valerie ardently solicited. Penetrated with the liveliest sentiments of gratitude, the first use which the liberated prisoner made of his freedom was to fly to his fair preserver. He found her alone, seated in a saloon which opened to a garden sloping down to the banks of a crystal stream. The fresh air and lovely scenery of this delightful retreat formed a soothing contrast to the dark and noisome dungeon which he had just quitted. His almost miraculous escape from death, his restoration to life and sunshine, and the deep obligation which he owed to the beautiful creature who, like an angel of mercy, had arrested the hand of death, rushed to his heart in a full tide of feeling; and, overcome by his emotions, he stood mute and rooted to the ground. In another moment, however, a burst of gratitude followed this expressive silence, and he was at Ottilie's feet, pouring out the fervent thanks of a generous spirit. The Countess, who beheld him as one arisen from the grave, was little less affected. The circumstances under which they met were too singular and touching to admit of ceremony; and, giving way to the impulse of their hearts, although no declaration of his passion passed the lips of Eustace, nor did Ottilie confess the tender feelings which possessed her soul, both knew that they loved and were beloved again. A few, a very few words were spoken; for, aware of the utter hopelessness of their attachment, of their immediate separation, perchance never to meet again—or if to meet, to be more cruelly estranged either by distance or by absence—they remained silent, yet with a sweet consciousness of present happiness. Eustace still held the hand of Ottilie; and, stepping out upon the broad terrace, they wandered through the flowery labyrinth of the garden, inhaling the perfume of the flowers, breathing the soft and balmy air, and gazing upon the bright current of the smiling river. These were moments of bliss, but fleeting as they were exquisite—the voice of Schreiber destroyed the charm. Restrained by his presence, St. Valerie took a formal leave; the garden gate was closed upon him; and the Countess was left alone, to wonder and marvel at the new sensations, which usurped supreme dominion in a breast once entirely absorbed in lofty aspirations. No longer were her proud thoughts engrossed by the fate of Europe; the period of high excitement in a patriot cause was over, and the destiny of one obscure individual became almost wholly the object of interest. Not that Ottilie was indifferent to the welfare of her country and of the Christian world; but every idea connected with the fall of France brought with it her hated engagement, the thrall of her promise to Schreiber, which must be fulfilled at the expiration of the war; and she turned from the hideous recollection, to dwell with fondness on a sweeter theme.

Anxious to avoid the perpetual intrusions of the Colonel, she stole away from Prussia to a rustic habitation in the romantic region of Der Sacchsishen Schweitz, where she indulged in the loneliness which suited the state of her feelings. Had not her generous interference in behalf of Eustace St. Valerie entailed upon her the grevious necessity of plighting her faith with a being from whom every sentiment of her heart revolted, the recollection of the young Frenchman would only have produced that quiet feeling of pleasure, which a noble mind must experience when it contemplates the performance of an act of disinterested kindness. But the brilliant hopes and expectations cherished by the Countess de Wardenburg were destroyed by the promise which Colonel Schreiber had extorted from her; and, no longer beholding the prospect of happiness which had smiled upon her youth, her melancholy was soothed by tender rememberances of the amiable being for whose sake she had sacrificed all that gave sunshine to her existence.

Saxony became the theatre of war, and Ottilie, though secure in the isolated spot she had chosen for her residence, repaired to a mansion she had possessed at Schandau, a small town through which

the hostile armies were continually passing, and where she hoped to hear tidings of Eustace. The French were now in full retreat, followed by the Russians and Prussians; but the joy of the Countess at the disastrous flight of the invaders was damped by the perils which surrounded St. Valerie, and her painful incertitude of his fate.

At Schandau the army of Napoleon made a desperate stand; and though frequently driven out, it rallied and occupied the disputed town again. The house of Ottilie became alternately the head quarters of the contending armies; but she obtained a secure asylum in a sequestered hermitage in the garden, which had been fancifully fitted up for the residence of a recluse. There with trembling expectation, she awaited the result of each day's warfare. One morning the din of battle waged with more than wonted uproar. The fierce struggle, the clash of arms, the shout of victory, the short pause, and the renewed attacks, evinced the deadly nature of the strife. At one moment the French eagles were planted exultingly in the centre of the town; and then, amid the groans of the wounded, arose the gay carol, the martial and provincial ballads sung by the victors as they quaffed full bumpers of generous wine: in the next hour their proud standards were displayed by the floating banners of the allies, whose triumphs were celebrated by the solemn hymn, broken by the wild cry of the Tartar hordes as they drunk and caroused; and again, by another overwhelming effort, the imperial birds spread their golden wings ostentatiously to the sun.

While the contest was at the hottest, and Ottilie, scarcely screened from the danger, watched the event in breathless expectation, she saw a French officer rush through a breach in the garden wall, and, bearing a Prussian in his arms, hasten to a small fountain which welled out upon the grass.—She too sought the spot, anxious to tender her assistance, and beheld Eustace St. Valerie bending over the inanimate body of Schreiber. Committing the man thus generously rescued from the weapons of the conquerers to her care, he again plunged into the centre of the battle. Schreiber had received only a slight wound, and recovering from the stunning effects of a blow which had stretched him powerless before his enraged foes, he also returned to the action, leaving Ottilie charmed with this proof of St. Valerie's noble remembrance of the ungracious boon which he had received from the Prussian's hands. The certainty that Eustace was engaged in the struggle gave to the Countess a new, intense and breathless interest in the surrounding scene. She had thought that her anxiety scarcely admitted of an increase; but now the strong and rapid pulsation of her heart told her how fearfully she could be excited when danger threatened the man who had been so long the object of her tenderest solicitude. The tumult without raged with undiminished fury; if for a moment the shrill burst of the trumpet, and thunder of fire arms, and the clang of hostile weapons subsided, the deafening sounds arose again with redoubled violence; heaps of slain accumulated in the streets; and the survivors fought over the lifeless bodies of their comrades. Ottilie had now a mournful task in binding up the wounds, and bathing the temples of those who staggered to the fountain, and stretched their expiring limbs on the turf beside it. Covered with dust and blood, Schreiber returned to refresh his parched lips with the pure water of the spring "Where," exclaimed the Countess, regardless of her treasured secret in this moment of dismal apprehension, "where is St. Valerie?"—"Among the dead," replied Schreiber, his blood-shot eyes glaring with fierce and horrid joy. Ottilie left to her handmaids the care of the wounded, and darted into the street, searched for the corse of him to whom she had so strangely devoted herself. Though every sense was rendered acute by the agonizing desire to perform the last sad offices for one fated to sink into an early grave, it was with difficulty that she recognized the beautiful features of St. Valerie in the convulsed countenance that met her gaze. The head alone was visible, for the body was covered with the confused heap of slaughtered friends and enemies. The French were now completely routed, and compelled to fall back; and Ottilie obtaining assistance, removed the melancholy pile, and, kneeling down by the side of Eustace, uttered a cry of joy, as, placing her hand upon his heart, a slight pulsation answered the touch. Instantly and carefully she had him conveyed to the hermitage. In moving onwards, the groans of a dying wretch arrested her footsteps. She looked down—Schreiber lay bleeding on the ground.—"Forgive me," he cried, "for by my sword St. Valerie fell." The Countess started, and was hastening away; but compassion prevailed; she stooped over the sufferer, raised his head, and wiped the damp from his brow. Her charitable aid was vain; the change of position was instantly fatal; and he expired in her arms. Skill and assiduity restored Eustace St. Valerie to animation. The moment that he could bear the motion, Ottilie had him conveyed to the wilds of Saxon Switzerland, where by her unceasing attention he slowly recovered from his wound. When the young soldier became convalescent, peace was established throughout the Christian world, and the Countess de Wardenburg destowed her hand upon Eustace St. Valerie, in the happy conviction that she did not espouse the enemy of her country.

MISCELLANY.

NORMAN FORTIFICATIONS.

The Norman fortifications differed from the Saxon, but were improvements upon them. The Norman castle may be distinguished from the Saxon in this manner: the Saxons, where the situation would allow, built but *one* fortification, round and extensive: the Norman castle was divided into two parts, the *base court* and the *keep*, both strongly fortified; the base court, (overlooking the surrounding country,) with high earthen banks, topped with a strong stone wall; and the *keep* a high hill of earth, at one end of the fortification, (overlooking the base court,) was surrounded by a ditch and strong wall. When we speak of a *keep* now, we are generally understood to mean a high and strong tower which being built upon the keep, or hill, went by the same name; that every castle had such a tower, and that it was considered the principal one in the building, is evident from the mention which old writers make of "the master tower," the "chief tower on the keep," &c. As this tower is also known by the name of the Donjon, it is by some writers supposed to have been used exclusively for the purpose of imprisonment, but by others, with more probability, that it only contained prisons or dungeons for malefactors and prisoners of war, among a variety of other apartments; and as in the remains of some Norman castles, places of this description have been observed in the keep, with neither doors, windows, nor communications of any kind with each other, it is presumed that prisoners were let into them from the top.

The form of the Norman castles was various; as was also that of the buildings on the keep; some of the towers being round, huge and massy, and some square, having turrets or bastions at each corner. The keep was altogether a strong fortification, being the last resource of the besieged, when the outer-works and base court were taken; but it was a hazardous place of refuge, as the enemy frequently obliged it to yield to that most terrible and effective of engines—fire!

The chief instruments for the assault of castles were, the mangonell, petraria, trebuchettum, tribunculis, tribiculi, or war wolf. These instruments were all for casting darts, stones, and bolts.

The bolt: a species of wooden dart, with an iron head cast by the mangonell.

The espringold, and bricoli, are mentioned by the old historians, but their uses are not known.

Scrophus: the instrument for mining.

Cattus: a machine for the miners to work under, to preserve them from the darts of the enemy.—They had also engines under which the slingers and cross-bowmen laid in wait.

Turrets, or towers of wood, whence the besiegers might overlook and annoy the besieged with stones, darts, &c.

The scaling ladder.

The besieged had several methods of defending themselves by planting their fosses with stakes; countermining; casting stones, darts, wild fire, and pouring boiling lead, pitch, and water upon their assailants; and covering their walls with wool, tow, and boiled hides, &c. to break the force of the battering engines. The classical reader will, no doubt, be struck with the extreme similarity of these instruments, modes of attack, and methods of defence, with those of the ancient Romans.

ANTIPATHIES. Henry II. of France, could not stay in the room where there was a *cat*; though so immoderately fond of *dogs*, that the Duke de Sully says, on his first audience, he had a basket full of young puppies suspended by a black string from his neck, and was playing with them all the time of the conference. The Duke d'Epernon, would faint at at the sight of a leveret. Marshal d'Albert could not endure a wild boar nor a sucking pig. Ulidislas, King of Poland, was distracted at the sight of apples. Nor could Erasmus even smell fish without being greatly agitated. Scaliger trembled at the sight of the wateresses. Tyco Brahe felt his limbs sink under him, when he met either a hare or a fox. Bacon swooned at the eclipse of the moon; Boyle fell into convulsions on hearing the sound of water drawn from a cock. James I. could not endure the sight of a drawn sword; and Sir Renelm Digby tells us, "the King's hand shook so much in knighting him, that he would have run the point of the sword into his eye, if the Duke of Buckingham had not directed it to his shoulder" La Motte de Vayer could not endure music, but delighted in thunder. An Englishman, in the seventeenth century, was near expiring whenever the fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah was read to him; and a Spaniard, about the same period, fell into a *syncope* when he heard the word *lana* (wool) mentioned, though his coat was made of that substance.

LINDLEY MURRAY, (THE GRAMMARIAN'S) ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT. When I was in England, in the year 1771, I went to see the Elephants which were kept in the Queen's stables, Buckingham house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane, and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognised me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that had it struck me, I should probably have been killed, or received some material injury. Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprung out of his reach. To every other person present, he was gentle and good tempered, and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.

[*Memoirs of Lindley Murray.*

CLERICAL REPARTEE. Andrews, bishop of Winchester, and Neale, bishop of Durham, were standing behind the king's chair, when James I. asked the bishops, "My lords, can I take my subjects' money when I want it?" The bishop of Durham immediately replied, "God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils. Upon which the King turned to the bishop of Winchester, and added, "My lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied the Bishop, "I have no skill in Parliamentary cases." The king then said, "No put offs, my lord, answer me presently." "Then, sir," rejoined the bishop, "I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money, for he offers it."

[*General Biographical Dictionary.*

A covetous man may be compared to a Christmas box; he receives money, but parts with none, till death breaks the box in pieces, then the silver and gold come tumbling out.

THE ESCRITOIR.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1827.

☞ We inadvertently omitted last week to acknowledge the receipt of several articles from the Milford Bard, which shall receive our early attention.

For the *Carrier's Address* for the 1st inst. we are indebted to our correspondent G. We have also received one from the Milford Bard, but its great length necessarily prevents its publication. We are much indebted to the Bard for his valuable correspondence. When will G. mount his Pegasus again? We should be sorry to consider him a stranger.

The holydays are gone, and we are comfortably started upon the journey of another year. Now is the time to look upon the past; and we opine that it would not be amiss for young and old, while shaking off the hilarity of the new year's-feast and discharging from their ears the reverberating and jocund echoes of the holy day song, to step cautiously aside from the paths which led them into error in the parallel seasons of the year that is gone. We do not recommend the young to become moralists, nor the old to render still more feeble the flickering lamp of life by unprofitable criticism; but as we go the way of all things as fast as the steady jog-trot of Time will speed us, it may conduce to the prolongation of our temporal stay, at times to indulge in a sterner thought.

There is an eccentricity in the departure of the year which furnishes ample amends for the bodily and mental ailments experienced in its course; an anomaly which charms the imagination and the senses, and renders the intellect and animal spirits subservient to enjoyment. Good wishes and merry greetings salute us on every side; smiles are upon every countenance, and the sparkling eye indicates the merry bounding of the heart. But these scenes are already fading from the recollection; the spectre of the year drags them to the tomb, and we see them only as the faint impressions of a pleasant dream. And let them vanish: we have an article from the pen of the inimitable Jenks, of the Nantucket Inquirer, which contains so full an exposition of these matters, that we will retain our remainder till next week, and then serve it up with due ceremony.

"And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail"—Shaks.

Now are we buried in the very bowels of winter. Every thing is frozen. The soul of benevolence itself expands not without an effort; cramped are the very fingers of charity; patriotism sparkles but as a dying ember; waning are the fires of religion; hymen's torch sheddeth more light than heat, and Cupid hath need of a blanket. All faiths and all virtues are shrivelled into the smallest possible dimensions. Closed are the avenues through which man sympathizes with his fellow. Frigid vapours and dismal blasts compress into selfishness and ice, all open hearts and all still waters. Vegetation hath long ceased, and speculation droops, and one vast frost seems to circumvest the universe, and the banks refuse to discount.

Now falleth the feathery snow and the grey sleet slantwise, sometimes disturbed by intruding gusts of hail, roughly pattering against the bedroom's easternmost casement. Elderly matrons and impatient convalescents look despondingly along the deserted street, and symptoms of shuddering crawl over the flannelled epidermis, and master Dicky in his ball dress exclaims "dear me, I'm all goose-flesh." Now the hearth is thickly peopled, and the dry sticks snap spitefully in the blaze, while the green log splutters sulkily below. Now through narrow chinks insinuates the fretful breeze; and aunt Grizzel, with a ghastly pucker, snudges cosily against the other jamb. Now long icicles decline from projecting eaves and overhanging spouts, and the iron pump-break cleaveth to the round and rosy hand of Miss Jemima essaying to fill the tea-kettle. Now camblets thickly lined, and tartans with exaggerated caps, and drab duffles and dreadnoughts and devonshires, and coating-cloaks for the softer sex, are exteriorly displayed. Now do we appropinque to the times of sleighing and sliding—afar off there is a tinkling of little bells mingling with the hollow winds; and tough younkers teal of congealed ponds, shuffling thither with a viaticum of skates and gingerbread, to enact feats vertiginous and ruminant.

All neighborhood hath departed, save at city firesides, where silent whist bears sovereign rule, or clattering dice break delefully upon the social loneliness. In towns unpopulous, each rustic householder now summons his whole circle, from jocund Johnny on the three legged stool within the chimney's precincts, up to bouncing Betty that wears around her ample waist two yards of yellow pearl-edged satin ribbon. And, as the four foot faggots flame and brighten, around doth pass the foaming flaggon, replete with cider new and saccharine; and nuts laid up in upper stories, and merry jokes likewise, are forthwith brought for cracking and ingurgitation. Now sylvan lads turn out and tackle restive ponys into weather beaten sleighs; willing that divers damsels, moping all alone, shall face the surly storm, and visit Squire Muddleton's hotel in yonder village, whereat to sip a cheering glass, and chat of courtship timidly the while. Wheels creak along the indurated roads, and waggons bound to market move with sad reluctance, urged on by drowsy drivers with scarlet gills, and noses tipped with blue.

Now turn we to the boisterous main. High on the rolling surge, the labouring ship uplifts her huge extent. Thick plates of briny ice cling to the plunging brow, and overlay the whitened decks. The hardened cordage barely slips through pinching blocks, and now the lusty mariner tugs desperately at the stiffened sheets, obliged anon to quit his hold, and thrash against his sturdy ribs his frosty and unfeeling fists. Now bawls the robust steersman from abaft, warning of land approximate, resolved on shortening sail, and cluing up in season all superfluous canvas. Now the haven nears, and all the strand lies locked in winter's cold embrace, and steeples look like waxen tapers, and men's accustomed habitations like scattered lumps of chalk. And now drops slowly through the gelid wave, the weighty anchor; and the glad seaman leaps on shore, emulous of friendly smiles and cordial nods among his long left kindred.

'Tis now the season of compliments. A new year in the calender of Time unfolds of ardent youth the hopes, and places on the brow of age an adjectitious wrinkle. Now printers of diurnal or hebdomadal folios, ponder on apt and fascinating terms, wherewith their greetings to communicate in grateful parlance, wishing their patrons all, and specially invoking on punctual paymasters, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A writer in the *National Observer*, of yesterday, under the signature of "A Calm Observer," attempted to anathematise masonry in that greedy, fanatical style which is the characteristic of a feverish malignity. There is a class of scribblers in this city who are so utterly devoid of honesty and temperance as to be considered unworthy of attention, by all honourable men; and we unhesitatingly pronounce "a *calm* Observer" a member of this motley group—one who has appeared in the columns of the National Observer, as a dernier resort. It would be an employment which would yield neither profit nor credit to any one, to undertake a refutation of all the silly charges which have been made against masonry in consequence of the disappearance of Morgan: they are formidable only in number: they are harmless in their tendency, for their nature is their best refutation, and they never make a tolerable show but when bundled together in that summary and unhandsome manner which is familiar to the writer in the Observer. His remarks, as far as they relate to us, shall go for what they are worth: a general charge of falsehood is worth little unless supported by better argument than can possibly be contained in a column of mere epithets. We have before rebuked the folly of those who were unworthy of notice, but we shall not again be guilty of this error as far as relates to "A Calm Observer," unless his subsequent shape shall prove to be less questionable than his present one.

The following article, from the Onondaga Register contains some of the most pertinent remarks we have seen upon the hackneyed subject of Morgan's disappearance. The writer is not a mason, and therefore, in the estimation of some, his opinions may be entitled to more respect. The best informed editors in the western district have uniformly spoken of masonry in the most favourable terms; and those who have spoken otherwise have evidently done it with a view to attract notice. To arraign the whole order, in consequence of the unpleasant disturbances at Batavia, is, to say the least of it, an erroneous measure, and evidently shews that the minds of the accusers are prejudiced against the institution, and are consequently unworthy of belief.

"Masonry and Morgan. Newspaper editors have their hobbies, as well as the rest of the world; and if they were permitted to ride their own proper hobbies, without being compelled to mount those of other people they would have no great cause of complaint: but it is too generally the case that the community demand of them to mount and ride at a moment's warning, upon all occasions where industry has created excitement, or artifice has invested unimportant occurrences with an undue degree of interest. These suggestions forcibly occur to us, as we cast our eyes upon the heavily loaded columns of some of the western papers in this State. The kidnapping of Morgan, to which this mass of unprofitable and uninteresting matter has exclusive relation, is an affair of three months' standing; and is totally undeserving, in our opinion, of a fourth part of the attention which has been bestowed upon it; and we believe furthermore that such is the impression even of those editors who have felt it necessary to admit so much dull matter into their columns.

There can be no difference of sentiment upon the character of the transaction which has formed the foundation of this multiplication of words. An American citizen is forcibly seized by a band of conspirators, carried no one knows whither, and dealt with no one knows how, save the parties themselves. This is a great outrage, and loudly calls for punishment—but the criminals must be apprehended and the degree of their guilt ascertained, before the penalties of the law can be inflicted. This duty might have been left to the local authorities, but to their exertions has been superadded the interposition of the State executive, and a liberal reward has been offered to stimulate those in pursuit. Not a voice is raised to justify the deed—no man attempts to arrest the course of justice. Wherefore, then, this excessive excitement? wherefore this long-continued clamor? Perhaps we could answer these questions by saying, that there appears to be mixed up with that natural indignation which the events alluded to have elicited, another and a different feeling. There exists in the human character a disposition to undervalue and decry the pursuits and attainments of others, especially if these be partially enveloped in mystery—we are apt to judge harshly of what we do not fully comprehend, and feel unkindly towards those whom we suspect of having secrets in which we are not suffered to participate. This is human nature—we have but to open the book, and read what is legibly written. *This prejudice exists with regard to the institution of Freemasonry*—those who are not Masons are liable to this influence; or, if they be devoid of it, then have they obtained a conquest over the ungenerous feelings of our common nature. Such men constitute the minority at all times, and their voice is unheard amid the storm which Prejudice can raise. But, to pursue our argument—we must be permitted to say, then, that

in the case before us, much of this feeling has been manifested, and generally under a disguise so flimsy that it can be seen through without difficulty. With the view of arousing into action the prejudices which otherwise might remain dormant, this subject of Morgan's abduction has been industriously kept in the public view, and magnified beyond all due proportion. Because some half-dozen Masons committed a crime by violating the personal rights of a citizen at Batavia, therefore the widely extended order to which they belong is to be held accountable, according to this mode of reasoning. It matters not that Masons disapprove the act, and, instead of shielding the persons concerned in it, have expelled them from fellowship; still is Masonry assailed, as though the congregated lodges had solemnly approved the conduct of the guilty individuals. This is unfair; it is a direct violation of the precept "Do as ye would be done by."

We are not the apologists nor the panegyrists of Masonry—we presume it needs neither. We belong not to the order, nor are we in any way controlled by its influence. But, viewing the institution as one which seeks no exclusive privileges and which has infringed no public law, we cannot refrain from expressing our sentiments thus far in relation to it. We are moreover induced to notice this subject, because unworthy motives have been attributed to the conductors of those presses which have been comparatively silent with regard to it, and our own course has drawn forth censure from some.

The public press, in this country, is a powerful engine in directing public opinion. From the well conducted and widely circulated journal of the metropolis, down to the humblest paper "in the interior," each has its proportion of influence within its sphere. It is the duty of each newspaper conductor to pursue the course which his own conscience shall prescribe to him as that of truth and justice. In so doing, he will sometimes have to stem the current of excitement and prejudice; but his conduct will be approved by the judicious and reflecting part of the community, and ultimately even by those whose opinions he has opposed.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By an arrival from France.

Letters from Vienna, received at Berlin on the 7th November, state that the Divan, on the 18th of October, ratified the convention of Akerman.—But other letters from Constantinople, of the 19th and 25th Oct. predict its ratification without announcing it. The Mussulmans are much irritated at the provisions of the convention; and its was reported at Semlin on the 5th of November, that the Reis effendi had been beheaded.

The *Journal du Commerce* of the 19th has the following article on this subject:—"We are still in hopes that the convention at Akerman will be ratified by the Turkish Government; but reports are current at Semlin, Odessa and Bucharest unfavourable to the tranquility of Constantinople. Letters from that capital of the 27th represent it as a prey to new executions. It appears that the negotiations of the Ottoman Commissioners have been received with general indignation. Some say that the Reis-effendi and Aga Pacha have fallen a sacrifice to popular rage. Others assert that a conspiracy, fomented by the Janissaries has been followed by banishments, drownings and strangulations. It appears that force has taken the place of Justice.

The advices from Lisbon are to the 8th of November. Both chambers were in session, but their deliberations are not of general interest. The Bishop of Coimbre has been chosen President, and D. Antonio Guerreiro Vice-President, of the Chamber of Deputies. In the Chamber of Peers on the 6th, the Archbishop of Elvas gave notice of his intention to move on the 11th that Government issue orders to all the Courts of Justice throughout the country to proclaim, with all the usual formalities, Don Pedro IV King of Portugal and Algarves.

Some ladies and gentlemen were one evening discussing the merits of Scottish literature: One spoke of Burns, another of Scott; a third said she admired Hogg's Tales. "Hog's tails," said an old lady, whose ear had caught this remark alone, "hog's tails! why bless me, I think any part of the *critter* better than the tail."

A GOOD JOKE. It became necessary for Doctor ——, a respectable physician, residing in the western part of this country, to attend the late circuit court held in this village. Accordingly, on the first day of the term, he, in company with several of his neighbours, repaired to this place, and alighting at one of our most respectable public houses, ordered dinner. The time which had elapsed since they had taken their breakfast, and the length and tediousness of their ride, tended not a little to sharpen their appetites, and they all did ample justice to the good and substantial fare which "mine host" spread before them. That the doctor eat more than his companions, we will not say; certain it is, however, that he complained of his stomach being somewhat overloaded and retired to bed, if not exactly sick, in rather an ill humour, at an early hour. Soon after, a waggish fellow, who had been boring the Doctor on his gormandizing powers, proposed that a disciple of Dr. Thompson, who steams and administers hot drops to the good people in this vicinity, under "letters patent," be sent for, to try his skill on their friend the Doctor. As this proposition promised some sport, it was relished by the company, and the "steam operator" was accordingly sent for. A brief history of the sick man's case was given him, with a little embellishment, respecting his brain being disordered, &c. and he was then ushered into the bed chamber of his patient, with directions to give him a critical examination. The noise occasioned by his entering the room, awoke the Doctor, who had been for some time locked in the arms of Morpheus, and he started from his slumbers, exclaiming, "Who's here?" "A brother physician;" said the Thompsonian, advancing to the bed, and attempting to feel his pulse, "has come to examine your case and give you relief." "Hands off! hands off!" cried the astonished Doctor, "what do you mean?" "Poor fellow; he is certainly in a bad way," said the dealer in cayenne pepper and lobelia, and touching the pericranium he continued, "it is very evident that something is wrong here. I will try the effect of the steam operation." "I'll steam you, you scoundrel!" said the Doctor, springing out of bed and seizing a chair, "I'll steam you;" and nothing but the nimble legs of the patent physician saved him from a sound drubbing, and in all probability a broken head. [*Johnstown Herald.*

A VERY HARD CASE. A person came into our office the other day, whose complaints excited a strong feeling of sympathy. He assured us he had walked into town all the way from Burrillville (about 16 miles) "upon an action on the case for assault and battery," that he had been put under bonds for $2,000 to keep the peace by certain Justices, and in default thereof to be committed to jail in Providence. That preferring the latter alternative, he had taken an affecting leave of his family, travelled into that town and presented himself to the jailor, who positively refused to receive him, and thus he was thrown upon the wide world without a single friend to commit him to jail! This is truly a hard case, and we certainly think the officer or the justices ought to pay his expenses back to Burrillville. The poor fellow who could neither be hung at Tyburn, nor be received back at Newgate, was not more deserving commiseration than our visiter. [*Providence Journal.*

SHOOTING ACADEMY. Among the novelties of the present day, *A Pistol Shooting Academy* is advertised in the London papers. This "*highly requisite* and *interesting* establishment" is intended for the amusement and advantage of those gentlemen who may fancy themselves under the painful liabilities of having their courage called in question, and where by practice, they may become well qualified for settling points of honor in the most decisive and creditable manner.—*Leinster Journal.*

INFORMATIN WANTED. Ten thousand pounds reward is offered to any person or set of persons, who will truly and satisfactorily answer the following simple questions:—Who wrote the book that bears the name of Thomas a Kempis? Who was Perkin Warbeck? Was Queen Mary an accomplice in the murder of Lord Darnley? Who was the prisoner in the iron mask? Who was the writer of the Whole Duty of Man? Who wrote the letters of Junius? Who wrote Icon Basilike? We would add one more question. Who offers the reward.—*Albion.*

FRIENDSHIP. Plato says—"I had rather have one good friend than all the delights and treasures of Darius; and Cicero, "that neither water, fire, nor the air we breathe are more necessary to us than friendship." The writings of Tully are full of expressions to the same purpose. Zenophon pronounced of its perfection, "that it was above the reach of the highest human endowment." Bias said "that man had secured the greatest good of life who had chosen a worthy friend."

JOAN OF ARC'S SHIELD. At a sale at Hamburgh, a shield, which was said to have been used by Joan d'Arc at the siege of Orleans, was purchased by a Spanish merchant for the sum of 2370 francs.

POSTSCRIPT.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser, received this evening at 1-2 past 7 o'clock, by the western mail, we extract the following paragraph:

Letter from one of the Editors at Canandaigua, dated Wednesday, Jan. 3.

"The case of Cheeseman and others, accused of kidnapping and maltreating Morgan, was this morning called up; but a material witness (*David C. Miller*, of Batavia) being absent, the trial was postponed. The District Attorney gave notice that he would call up the case again as soon as Miller arrived.—Miller is expected in the course of the afternoon. *The Court has issued an attachment against him.*"

It is *possible* that Miller can offer a reasonable excuse for his absence; but the more reasonable supposition is, that *Miller is not willing to make oath to all that he has published.* Let the result of this trial be what it may, *Masonry washes its hands of all guilt.* Enough has come to light to show that Morgan's absence, if not wholly, is at least in part, voluntary.—Miller is deeper in the mire than is generally supposed.

See Tommy Trim, how freshly fair,
That, like a blossom just unfolding,
Opened to life in cloudless air,
And nature joyed to view its moulding.

His HAT, it haunts my memory yet;
The long rich nap so brightly flowing;
Its color, black as deepest jet;
Its form on him such grace bestowing.

Oh! who could look at such a sight,
Without one thought of MAYELL*—the vender
Whose Hats give comfort, ease, delight;
And add such sweet delicious splendor.

See how the Hat his features grace,
And gives his step such fairy lightness;
Nought can the raptur'd gazer trace,
But beauty's glow and pleasure's brightness.

*JOHN MAYELL'S Genteel Hat Store, is now furnished with an assortment of elegant fashionable HATS, of every description. Also, Chapeau de Bras, elegantly trimmed; children's cloth and morocco Caps: gentlemen's cloth and morocco Caps; second hand hats in great variety—No. 383 South Market-street, opposite the Bank of Albany. dec. 20.

BOOK BINDING.

Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market-streets, Albany.

☞ WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its various branches, viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate Ruling Machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship.

N B. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to *The Escritoir* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume.

Albany, Dec. 16.

POETRY.

CARRIERS' ADDRESS
TO THE READERS OF
THE ESCRITOIR;
Or, Masonic and Miscellaneous Album.

Albany, January 1, 1827.

Around—around—around the spheres,
The line of days, and months, and years,
Unchecked and changeless on,
Have left forms on the mental glass,
From which to-day's incongruous mass
Draws not the memory as we pass—
The shades of seasons gone.
Then raise the balance high, and weigh
The hours which Time has torn away.

We need not go beyond the scope
Of the last year for tests of hope,
And tests of grief to meet them;
The wonders we have seen and heard;
The dangers we so wisely feared;
The thousand blessings which appeared,
And found so few to greet them;
News from abroad, and near; turmoil,
Rejoicings, mournings, pain and toil.

The congress-men, (Lord help their lungs!)
Whose sweep of everlasting tongues
Had left us nearly dumb,
Have rested through the summer heat,
Whether to strengthen by retreat
Their tired loquacity, to meet
Contention still to come,
Is more than any now can say;
'Tis subject for some future day.

I will not long detain to tell
How hapless Missolonghi fell;
Or how Britannia carves
From bleeding India year by year,
And feasts her nobles on the cheer,
Without one charitable tear,
Though her best subject starves.
It ill accords with hours like this
To mingle murmurs with its bliss.

And fifty years of varied round
Have passed above our land, and found
Her still beloved and free;
And we have listened to a choir
Whose anthem was a song of fire,
And felt its burning notes inspire
The song of Liberty.
And who could falter, or refrain
From joining in that mighty train?

That song was broken—and a knell
Among its wasting echoes fell;
The requiem of the just!
Shades of the faithful and the true!
Poor earth denied the wages due
To your great labours, and ye flew
Away from the vile dust
And rubbish of this land of strife,
To seats of renovated life.

And step by step we travel on,
Led by the steady *Light* which shone
On seasons past and spent;
Changing, yet changeless as the ray
Which stars of twilight hours display,
Undimmed by blink of night or day—
An humble taper, sent
To lead the blind from Nature's night,
To Freedom's truly wondrous light.

Even in the East, beneath the frowns
Of turbans, mitres, helms and crowns,
The waning lamp revives.
The West!—Land of my birth! speak thou
The glory which shines on thee now,
And bid the slaves of Europe bow
To the rebuke it gives!
The South!—A continent is blest,
And called from slavery to rest!

And tyrants shudder that the sound
Has gone forth, and repeated round
The intellectual sphere.
Let there be Light!—Justice has said—
Let there be Light!—the echoes spread;
And even the persecuted dead
Might lift their heads to hear
The nations shout, from sea to sea,
Amen!—Amen!—So mote it be!

Now to their own constrained contrition,
Be tyranny and superstition
With all their followers left.
The unatoned savour of guilt,
For blood their reeking hands have spilt,
Has sapped the edifice they built,
And through the widening cleft
Of the black walls, unwelcome Light
Invades the realms of mental night.

Away with thoughts of them!—This day
Was never meant to whine away
O'er former days of sorrow.
The morn which brings the virgin year,
Is sacred to its native cheer,
And harbours nought of present fear,
Nor boding for to-morrow,
And brings all mortals to a level,
From Governor to Printer's Devil.

So let us meet.—And when, as now,
We meet again, if heaven allow
Another varied round
Of seasons to our earthly lot,
Let not this season be forgot,
Though earth may change, and man be not:
And may we all be found
Meet for the brotherhood above,
In Friendship, Unity, and Love.

FOR THE ALBANY ESCRITOIR.

THE FAIR GONDOLIER.

'Twas evening in a shady grove,
When first I heard the harp of love:
The sun behind the hills had roll'd,
Thro' one wide flood of flaming gold;
And o'er the mountain monarch's throne,
The moon in silver shadow shone!
And on she trip'd thro' heav'ns hall,
Like bridal beauty at a ball:
Her glances danced upon the deep,
Like smiles upon an infant's sleep;
And play'd upon the flowery peak,
Like blushes o'er a lady's cheek!
And o'er the silver surface far,
Shone the bright shooting of a star.
A lovely lady thro' the brake
I saw beside the lucid lake;
She stood and gazed upon her shade,
Beneath the dark blue deep display'd.
And oft she stretch'd her ivory arm,
To grasp the tell-tale form!
Upon her cheek the rich red gush,
Had from her heart convey'd a blush:
A holy light dwelt on her face,
Warm from the pencil pure of grace;
Her clust'ring curls in ringlets roll'd,
On her white breasts like grapes of gold!
Her azure eyes with softness shone,
Like stars that stud the heav'nly throne!
Where'er her silver sandals stood,
Red roses sprung and graced the sod.
Where'er she turn'd her eyes around,
Rich ripening peaches press'd the ground;
And bending branches, at command,
Of clust'ring plums would kiss her hand!
She launch'd her bark—with long light oar,
She paddled from the flowery shore;
And as her bark bent to the wind,
It left no track or trace behind:
Ah! thus she cried, man finds a grave,
Nor leaves one track in life's dark wave.
Now far receded from the land,
She smile l and waved her little hand,
And struck the harp—the ling'ring lay,
Rung round the rocks, and died away:
And Echo, in her airy cell,
Struck each note on her silver shell!
And mock'd the sweetly warbling wire,
Like sighs that sweep the Æolean lyre.
O how, I cried, how sweet to be
The mistress of such minstrelsy!
I listen'd—all was still and lone,
The lucid lake in silence shone,
Save distant sounds that o'er and o'er,
Came mingled with the ocean's roar!
Far, far the little bark now bore
The lovely lady from the shore;
Just on the verge of space, her sail
I saw still flattering in the gale;
How like, I cried, the boundless sea,
The great lake of eternity,
When souls embark forevermore,
And gaze on life's receding shore.
That hour is still to memory dear,
When from the shore,
In the ocean's roar,
She paddled a beauteous gondolier.

Milford, Del. MILFORD BARD.

A gentleman meeting with a shepherd in a misty morning, asked him what weather it would be. "It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather pleaseth me;" and being asked to explain his meaning, said, "Sir, it will be what weather pleaseth God; and what pleaseth God pleaseth me."

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

NEXT REGULAR MEETINGS.

Temple Encampment,	Albany,	2d Fri. e.m
Temple Royal Arch Chapter,	Albany,	Jan. 9.
Master's Lodge,	Albany,	1&3M. e.m.
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany,	1&3Th. e.m
Temple Lodge,	Albany,	1&3Tu. e.m
Ineffable Lodge,	Albany,	Jan.
Wadsworth Chapter,	Rensselaerville,	1st Th. e.m.
Rensselaer Lodge,	Rensselaerville,	1st M. e.m.
Westerlo Fayette Lodge,	Westerlo,	W. pr. f. m.
Hiram Lodge,	Knox,	Tu. pr f.m.
McDonough Lodge,	Greenbush,	1&3M. e.m.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy,	1st Tu. e.m.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy,	Jan. 9.
St. George's Lodge,	Schenectady,	3d M. e.m.
La Fayette Encampment,	Hudson,	1st Fri. do.
Hudson Chapter,	Hudson,	2d Tues. do.
Hudson Lodge,	Hudson,	1st Mo. do.
Solon Lodge,	Athens,	W. pr. f.m.
Coxsackie Chapter,	Coxsackie,	Mon. af. f.m.
Ark Lodge,	Coxsackie,	Mon. pr. f.m.
Catskill Chapter,	Catskill,	Mon. do.
Catskill Lodge,	Catskill,	Thurs. do.
Solomon's Chapter,	Poughkeepsie,	Tu. af. f. m.
Solomon's Lodge,	Poughkeepsie,	Eve. of f. m.
Kingston Lodge,	Kingston,	Each full m.
Rome Chapter,	Rome,	W. af. f. m.
Dansville Royal Arch Chapter,	Dansville village,	Fr. pr. f. m.
Dansville Lodge,	Dansville village,	Mon. do.
Auburn Chapter,	Auburn,	Thurs. do.
Federal Chapter,	Watertown,	Wed. do.
Pen-Yan Chapter,	Pen-Yan,	Thurs. do.
Vernon Lodge,	Pen-Yan,	Tues. do.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.

THE subscriber continues his TYPE FOUNDRY, in the city of Albany, at No. 3 Beaver-street, near the corner of South-Market-street, and is now ready to receive orders for Type, of all the sizes commonly used by Printers. He has on hand a large assortment of Newspaper and Toy Book Cuts, cast in an improved style, and not exhibited in the specimens of other foundries. For sale, also, founts of Pica, Small Pica Long Primer, and Brevier, partially worn in stereotyping.

ALONZO W. KINSLEY.

Albany, August 12.

ALBANY BRUSH MANUFACTORY.

☞ NORRIS TARBELL, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the stock and trade of the late H. Dunbie, where may be had at all times an extensive assortment of BRUSHES, TRUNKS and BANDBOXES, of every description, as low as can be found in the state. Said articles are of his own manufacturing, and warranted of the first quality. All Factory and Machine Brushes made at the shortest notice.

☞ CASH, and the highest price, paid for Hog's Bristles, at No. 470 South Market-street, three doors south of the Museum.

July 22.

AGENTS FOR THE ESCRITOIR.

Dr. C. S. Button, Arcadia, Wayne co.
A. W. Goff, Phelps, Ontario co.
Charles F. Ames, Editor of the Republican, Hudson.
R. St. John, Editor of Western Sentinel, Salina.
R. Martin, one of the editors of the Telegraph, Rochester.
J. J. Tappen, Editor Whig, Monticello, Sullivan county.
P. K. Allen, Editor of Advocate, Kingston, Ulster county.
Editor Album and Ladies' Weekly Gazette, Philadelphia.
Thomas G. Plummer, Baltimore, Maryland.
B. F. Smead, Editor Advocate, Bath, Steuben co.
Joseph W. Seymour, Editor Michigan Herald, Detroit.
H. C. Frisbee Editor of Censor, Fredonia, Chautauque co.
A. Green, Editor Berkshire American, Pittsfield, Mass.
A. G. Danby, Editor of the Observer, Utica.
Wm. Berry, jr. P. M., Madison, Madison county.
James Graham, P. M., Canastota, Madison county.
Lyman Ellis, P. M., and Theodore Dickinson, Ellisburgh.
P. Reynolds, jr. Editor of the Herald, Johnstown.
James Wright Editor of the Herald, Sandy Hill.
Smith and Tourtellott, Editors of the Journal, Cortland Village.
David Haigh, Lockport, Niagara county.
Dr. Wm. B. Collar, P. M., Middlebury Village.
Thomas B. Barnum, Editor of the Advertiser, Syracuse:
C. P. Barnum, Editor of the Telegraph, Poughkeepsie.
S. D. W. Drown, P. M., De Witt's Valley, Allegany co.
Samuel Peck, Malone, Franklin county
Editor of the Public Advertiser, Louisville, Kentucky.
R. M. Voorhees, Editor Village Register, West-Union Ohio.
George Nashee & Co. Editors State Journal, Columbus, Ohio.
Editor Republican, Zanesville, Ohio.
Ira Davis, Postmaster, Passumpsic, Vermont
A. F. Carpenter, Editor Parthenon, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☞ Agents allowed every seventh copy, gratis.

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OR, MASONIC AND MISCELLANEOUS ALBUM.
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BY E. B. CHILD,
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